

chores, while he stoutly maintained that he was company. It took a series of thrashings to convince them that he was right.

Aunt Mary Boyd's, a married sister, was a place he dearly loved to go. One time Willie and father were walking her picket fence barefoot (the board around the top of the pickets), and when he went to jump down he ran a picket up his pant leg and hung there suspended by one leg while Willie unfeelingly laughed at him.

Aunt Mary's place was just a couple of miles from her old home, and she used to often ride over to see her mother. She never came but that she had some of her cookies for him tucked away in her saddle bags. As long as he lived, father always said that those were the finest cookies ever made.

This is her recipe:

2 c. granulated sugar
3/4 c. butter
2 eggs

1 c. sweet cream
2 tsp. cream tartar
1 tsp. soda

Use as little flour as you possibly can, and roll very thin.

Alfred remembered him too, when he came home from the war. He brought a large sack of gum drops for Elmer and father, saying, "I thought the little chaps would like some gum drops." The little chaps disposed of the gum drops--and then, after while, they were through with gum drops forever and ever and ever.

Elmer himself left for war as a substitute when he was sixteen. He was bugler, and rode a horse with General Hancock.

Alfred was in the 102 Regiment Band of the O.V.I., of Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

Alex enlisted while he was in school at Delaware, joining Company C of the 86th Regiment O.V.I., and served three years. He was a Democrat, and Grandpa Lewis was a red hot Republican, and when Alex used Grandpa's horse "Splendor" to pull the Democratic wagon, he was furious.

In one of her letters to her son, Earl, Aunt Hattie wrote the following:

"One of the scenes that I recall most vividly is of father reading aloud to mother during the evening. She sat close by his side busily engaged with knitting or darning. He followed the doings of Congress and read every speech printed in the New York Tribune. Then he and mother, in their quiet way, would bring up the points most prominent. In his early manhood he was a Democrat. When the attempt was made to carry slavery into the Western States and Territories, he could not sanction this, and forsook his old party. He always tried to be on the side of the right."

Alex was the Romantic Figure of the family. He was fourteen years older than father, anyway, and therefore entitled to a small boy's worship. Besides that, he was larger and stronger than most men, and loved adventure for its own sake.

After he was honorably discharged from the army he joined a wagon train bound for Virginia City. The family received one letter from him written at this time which has been preserved.

There was a three year silence, and the family gave him up for dead.

Then, one day, a buggy drove up to grandfather Lewis' door. A large man in rough clothers with big, western hat, boots, pistols and a Buffalo Bill haircut alighted. It was a stranger, but grandfather Lewis greeted him courteously, and it was not until the big man spoke that he recognized his lost son, Alex.

Such a homecoming!

And such stories as he had to tell--The Indians--the miners--the fortunes they made--the fights they had! Even the older people listened with breathless attention. The little chaps swarmed over him. They admired his long hair, and loved the way he ran his hands through it to bunch it up.

He had a ring for the little finger made in the form of a bow knot from a nugget he had mined himself, and he let Elmer wear it. Greatly to everyone's distress, Elmer lost it and nobody was ever able to find it.

It was this man who sized up the burly captain of one of the western river boats. Alex said, "I can whip you."

"I doubt it," the Captain replied.

"I can whip you."

"I doubt it."

"I can whip you."

"I doubt it."

And then they went at it. Alex really did win.

While he was prospecting in California, he was working a claim on a mountain just underneath another claim. The fellow above him was deliberately careless about throwing dirt down on him. Civil remonstrance had no effect, so the battle was on. They rolled down the mountain side clinched together, and on into the river, where Alex proceeded to thrash him.

He stayed at home long enough to marry Jennie Maxwell and took her with him to Kansas, which was then the frontier. They lived surrounded by Indians, many of whom were hostile. Every morning he made his bride shoot at a target out doors so that the Indians would know that she was good shot and would not be as ready to annoy her.

The Indians did attack them, however. One of the men was working out in the field and was unable to get to safety and was scalped. Alex jumped on a horse, grabbed the man on the run, pulled him up on the horse and got back to safety.

Maybe you think a brother like that wasn't worth something to brag about in school!

Father liked school, enjoyed his studies, and got good grades. Even in his old age he enjoyed "Singing Geography"e-

"Russia, Saint Petersburg,
Saint Petersburg, Saint Petersburg,
Russia, Saint Petersburg,
On the Gulf of Finland."

He liked the girls too, and used to ask the teacher to let him sit by Mary Iye in school.

One day at home he was helping dig potatoes in stumpy ground when Elmer yelled that his girl was coming, and he hid behind a tree.

He enjoyed the regular Friday afternoon programs, too, with their speeches, dialogues, and spelling matches.

One time he and Zilla Pomerene had a dialogue, and he led a puppy across the state by a string while he said a "piece" which started, "There was a butcher had a dog and Bingo was his name."

On another occasion his poem was about "Will-of-the-wisp", and he had a little lighted lantern which he snatched out from under his coat at intervals.

It is Elmer, however, who has gone down in the family history. He had failed to memorize his recitation, and he knew the punishment would be swift and sure. So he improvised.

In a loud, stately voice he proclaimed:

"The thunder rolled from pole to pole,
The lightning flashed from sky to sky,
The old cow did run and stick up her tail
And likewise so did I."

He got his thrasing, anyway.

School, however, was not entirely a bed of roses. There was the epic occasion of Adam Knupps' bone ring.

Adam and father were sitting together during geography singing, and Adam was wearing a new bone ring. He dared father to break it, putting his hand over on father's knee. There was blow of a clenched fist, and a

yell from Adam. The teacher licked them both because father could never control his facial expressions, and always blushed in such a tell-tale fashion that the teacher invariably guessed.

Adam was very brave when his thrashing strated, counting the strokes in a loud voice that got feebler as they grew in number and severity, and finally ended in agonized howls.

Father didn't yell. Aunt Hattie said afterwards that she had hoped that he wouldn't. But after school he went down back of the school house and pulled up his pants and there were welts on his legs as big as his little finger.

With vacation time came his sister Rachel. She came home every summer and brought her two boys, William and Hiett. She was the wife of the Reverend William H. Taylor who was receiving a salary of \$150 a year, considered a very princely one then for a minister.

Grandpa Lewis believed in all boys making themselves useful, and, when Will Taylor told him that he was company and didn't care to help with the chores, he was roundly spanked by the old gentlemen.

The only thing about their visits that father remembered particularly was one occasion when he and Hiett were raiding the cupboard for something to eat. Unfortunately, an argument developed, and, in the fracas that followed, they were caught. Aunt Rachel whipped Hiett and insisted that father be whipped, too. Now Grandma Lewis evidently had more sympathy with small boys' appetities and knew that father wasn't to blame, if any; so she got a stick and took him around the corner and told him to yell bloody murder while she pretended to punish him.

No wonder Grandma Lewis' boys loved her so.

Grandfather Lewis, however, was altogether a different proposition. One time he chased father across the field. Father would have got away, but in climbing the stake and rider fence he was too little to jump over. He was caught and spanked, though he could never remember afterwards the

cause of it all.

Grandfather Lewis was known as one of the best farmers in that part of the country, rotating his crops and fertilizing the ground, but, above all, he was a stock man. Everything he raised, save the wheat, he fed back into his stock--hogs, horses, cattle and the sheep.

His immense barn, now fully eighty years old, is as good as the day it was built. It was called a "Bank barn", because, like the house, it is built against the side of a hill and reaches three storeys high in front. Big as it was, it was insufficient to the needs of a stock man and an addition was built to it, making it T shaped.

Underneath the eaves still remain the pictures of two horses painted by father and Uncle Elmer, their "brushes" being merely their index fingers. Father's was a masterpiece in axol grease, while Uncle Elmer's was executed in red paint.

The haymow stairs are also historic. It was the custom for the children to hide away eggs before Easter, and then, when the time came, Grandma Lewis always dyed them. On this occasion father had gathered together his booty and was starting to the house with his blouse and pockets and arms carrying all he could manage, when he tripped and fell all the way down those stairs. The movements must have been spiral, for not an egg escaped, and Easter, that year, was celebrated by a grand clean-up.

There is a story about that barn. When Grandfather Lewis established his home, he determined never to place temptation in the way of a weaker brother. However, as it was the custom to serve liquor to labourers, and, being entirely dependent on hired men, he was told that he would not be able to get help if he insisted on his stand. He said, "I'll give them the best to be had in the way of food, but strong drink I will not give"; and he never did.

When raising the barn, which is one-hundred feet long, with the immense

After the Lewis girls married and left home, the younger boys took turns helping with the housework. Father ranked better than an Amateur at Kneading bread, and always did the kneading when mother baked. When he was a little boy and his mother was sick he made the bread, taking the crock of sponge in to her bedside for her to inspect it, and then following her instructions carefully.

Everybody used dark brown sugar in huge sugar bowls.

Flies were kept from the tables by long handled brushes made of peacock feathers from the fowl raised there on the place. Several women or young ladies stood behind the diners and kept the brushes in constant motion.

timbers they used in that day, very much larger than are used now, it was necessary to have quite a lot of men to put them in place. It was customary to invite the whole country side to the "raisings", but it was also customary to have plenty of liquor. When they found there was none, some of them proceeded to strike, and said they were going back to town and get it themselves.

Grandfather Lewis thanked them for so kindly helping during the morning, and insisted that they remain to dinner, saying, "If you're not satisfied then, I won't say a thing. You'll be free to go."

He must surely have smiled up his sleeve, for he had engaged the landlady at the hotel to direct everything, and had told her to spare no expense and to provide the best of everything; and she had got the best cooks in the town and country to help her.

The men accepted the invitation. It was dinner time, anyway, and they were mighty hungry. Besides, there were those tables with places for one-hundred and four already set on the front lawn--(the rest of the one-hundred and sixty men formed the "second table"), and the luscious odors from the kitchen must have been something to dream about.

Knowing what I do of Ohio standards of hospitality, and their ideas of what constitutes good eating today, I can imagine how those tables sagged under the mountains of food, the platters of fried chicken, of ham, and of sausage; the roasted geese and turkeys and lamb; the great bowls of snowy smashed potatoes to be liberally floated in gravy upon the plates; the hot biscuits baptized in yellow butter; the quivering dishes of jellies and jams and fruit preserves; the towering plates of sweet scented white bread; the pickels and the chow-chows to cut the flavor of the meats. Then dessert; and by this time a general releasing of the belts was absolutely operative, for no self respecting cook could have had less than three kinds of cakes and pies; and what those good women, with their reputations at

stake, put before those men furnished a nine days wonder for the whole county.

When the ring leaders of that strike finally hoisted themselves from that table and wiped their mouths, they went to Grandfather Lewis and apologized handsomely.

"Mr. Lewis we want to beg your pardon. That dinner was equal to any wedding feast, and any man that sets up a feed like that for his men will have our help till everything is done, liquor or no liquor."

And they did.

Grandfather Lewis' farm was always well kept and always had a sleek prosperous look. He had two great orchards; one in front of the house, spreading up the hill towards town, and the other, which father helped set out, on the hill back of the barn.

He had a niece by the name of Lydia Barr who appeared every summer when peaches were ripe. She used to go out and eat peaches, and then play her guitar and sing "Wild roved the Indian girl, sweet Farfaletta."

The prosperity of the Lewis' had been built upon solid foundations.

When they had first come to the farm the home had been a smaller down on the creek that flows through the field on the east end of their land.

Father remembered nothing about this house except that at the table where they ate, the children were ranged on benches along each side. This was not, in any sense, "white trash", but merely the custom in large families.

All the children, save the two oldest, were born in this first house. The old cradle which rocked all twelve of them now stands in my living room. It is handmade and of walnut. The form is of a long seat on rockers. A little "fence" which was later destroyed in our fire, formed a safe bed place for the successive babies, and left a seat for Grandma Lewis at the

end. To one sitting across the room from it, the slight hollow where she sat is plainly visible, a mute testimony to the many hours she rocked her babies and herself as she knitted or sewed, for Grandmother Lewis never sat down without her work.

The cradle always stood in the kitchen, and one time father fell out and struck his eyebrow on the stove, leaving a scar that stayed with him to the day of his death.

Grandfather Lewis' own grandparents had bought land from William Penn, and had settled in Chester County, Pennsylvania. He went to Ohio at the age of twelve with his brother Jesse as an apprentice to a wagon maker. At eighteen he returned to Philadelphia for a year's course in bookkeeping, where he lived with his mother's twin sister named, Cairns or Kearns, who was the wife of a wealthy dry goods merchant. He had tried to get his two younger sisters to come out and keep house for him, but they did not wish to leave their home. He met Nancy Crawford, a most attractive girl who had been born in Virginia, but had been raised near Cadiz, and his troubles promptly solved themselves.

Before they were married, he presented Grandma Lewis with some wool from sheep he had realised himself, and which she wove into a beautiful coverlid that I now have. It belonged to Aunt Hattie and she willed it to me. It is of pure, heavy wool, save for a few strands of cotton in it. The reason was that it was before the day of the cotton gin, and cotton was almost worth its weight in gold.

I also have a "splasher" which she embroidered at the age of eighty-two, on linen that she had spun and woven herself.

Grandfather Lewis' sisters, supposing his offer was still good, changed their minds and came on out, and liked the country so well that they persuaded the rest of the family to make the move, also.

As it happened, there was a big sale of public lands at Millersburg, and he formed a partnership with his brother, Joseph, and bought one-hundred sixty acres. Later he bought his brother's share.

In February, 1834, he and Grandma Lewis and the two oldest children, John and Mary, moved to the farm. He built his wagon shop on the highway and, soon after, erected his first home.

A wagon shop in those days more than equaled the position of the General Motors Company in our life today. It was the biggest position in the community, barring that of the minister, and possibly that of the school teacher.

For years he carried on the shop and the saw mill, which he built later to convert the timber from his place into lumber and make it more profitable.

He knew absolutely nothing about farming, but was wise enough to let his wife, who had been raised on a farm, direct the men who cleared the land.

Thereupon followed a regime that would have made a modern feminist fall on the floor in a fit. In addition to doing all her own work with its washing and ironing and mending and baking and churning and "three squares" a day, and weaving and spinning and knitting and taking care of the chickens and having and caring for twelve babies, she kept a sharp eye on those men.

With her butter and egg money she fed and clothed her family and paid for improvements. The money from the farm went straight back into buying more land, three-hundred sixty acres in all.

Some of this land had been cleared and occupied by squatters who were highly indignant when Grandfather Lewis proceeded to fence in the land he had bought, saying that the poor would have to starve if they couldn't have free range for their stock. His reply was that he had to pay the

government for it and must pay taxes on it, and to protect himself he must close it.

In the meantime Grandfather Lewis had been quietly observing his neighbors who were good farmers. His desire was to be not only a land owner, but also a good farmer. So well did he succeed that he became known as one of the best.

Not only was he ambitious for himself, but also for all his children.

All their children were given their choice of a college education or \$1,000.00 when they were of age. Grandpa Lewis urged them to take the education, saying, "Put it in your head and it will go with you wherever you go, while money may take wings and fly away."

Hattie, his daughter, said, in a letter, "He was a grand man, fifty years in advance of his time."

Written July, 1933.

My Father

The love and respect for an education was bred in my father, and he was not only ambitious for himself but for his children and grandchildren. He spoke perfect English, and insisted that his family do the same.

Father loved to go to school and always did well in his studies. For his premedical course he went to Ohio Wesleyan. Uncle Frank Leever had been there before him, and so prejudiced him against fraternities and all fraternal organizations that never, all his life, did he join any.

He was very quick on his feet and participated in the track meets, winning foot races, and he always sang in the choir, and always, until he was middle aged, he wore a "Prince Albert" coat on Sundays.

In the summer time he helped on the home farm and sold books, "The Golden Gems of Life." If he sold a certain number, he was allowed to keep a copy or else sell it and keep the money. He kept the book. One of his customers was his brother Finley's widow who had remarried again. She bought one of his books, but gently asked him not to come back again, saying that her husband was insanely jealous of all the Lewises.

He never forgot his college education, and all his life long he remembered his Latin and Greek perfectly.

For his medical work he chose Bellevue University. It was the foremost school in America then, and he wanted the very best.

One of his vivid recollections was of the dissecting room there. He was so interested in his work one evening that he never noticed that the class was dismissed. For a joke, the fellows turned out the lights on him and waited on the stairway to see what he would do. He loved to make my hair stand on end telling how he felt his way along over the corpses to the door. The boys, who had been waiting to hear him yell, scattered to the wind when he came out.

Father was always very jealous of his professional dignity, and never liked it if not properly addressed as "Doctor", or at least "Doc".

The minute he got his diploma he took the train for Fairbury, and they were married the next day. Their wedding trip was to Chicago, father wearing a silk hat. (That hat, and mother's little traveling bonnet are in the store closet upstairs.)

The trip ended at Millersburg, Ohio, where he began his practice. As I have told before, grandfather Beach grieved so for mother that they had to come back to Fairbury.

Father's office was where the Fairbury First National Bank now stands. It was a red brick, two story building. The lower floor was really the basement, but projected above the walk so that father's office, above, was reached from the sidewalk by a flight of iron steps. The reception room overlooked the street. The inner office, lit by a skylight, and which had the entrance to the long hallway, had his desk and the old safe (which now stands in your Daddy's office. [Daddy's old desk in there was from Walton's store that burned]) Opening off that was a closet where father kept his rows and rows of medicine bottles. The room in the rear was his operating room.

He had thought that Fairbury would be a nice place to settle, but he scarcely had put up his sign when Doctor Brewer met him on the street and said in his roughest tones, "----- you, Lewis. What do you want to come here for? We've got enough doctors in Fairbury."

On top of that, this town was thick with relatives, but not one of them, save grandma and grandpa Beach, ever called him as a physician. That never ceased to rankle.

About two years after Tommy was born grandfather Beach built them their new home. The property was half a block wide and a block long, the south half being used as a pasture. He had a cottage there for his hostler. He went over, one time, and found a big hole in one of the window panes.

The fellow said he would get it fixed. He was sorry it happened, but his wife had thrown the ironing board at him and he had ducked.

The barn stood where Miller's garage is now, and held the fine bay team, May and Maude, and the cow which the hired girl milked. There was a horse tank nearby where Tommy kept his ducks; and a picket fence, of course, was around the whole thing. Mother and father set out all the fine old trees over there, and there was an enormous bridal wreath bush in the northeast yard.

Father had the first telephone in Fairbury. It was between the house and office.

He was a general practitioner, and the stories of the hardships the early doctor endured have been told^{so} often that I will not repeat--bad weather, getting lost at night, and coming in completely fagged from a distant call only to have to go right out again to a place just a little beyond the first patient. He never talked about this part of his life.

Father and mother slept in the living room downstairs. They had a big folding bed that was very correct and proper. (The tall glass in the rumpus room was taken from it.) Mother could get up and take care of us children and he would never be disturbed, but, to the end of his life, he roused instantly at the sound of a door bell.

He was a wonderful surgeon, and, to the end of his life, was as careful of them as a violinist's, and never did any work that would roughen the ends of his fingers. He never used tobacco or alcohol in any form lest they dull his sureness.

Several years ago I met a man whose crushed hand father had been called to fix. Almost any other doctor would have just cut off the whole hand, but father found that he could save two of the fingers. The man said that he could carry a bucket of water with those fingers.

He took special pride in his obstetrical work, and the dozens of babies around here who were named for him testified as to the regard in which

he was held.

In the early days he drove a gig, and when he went to visit Amish families, who spoke only German, he took Mrs. Keller for an interpreter.

He learned a few words of German in that way, and, one morning, when the hired girl was too slow with the pancakes, he told her "little schwinter." The poor girl thought that he meant for her to hurry, and thereafter galloped in and out of the dining room, catching the door behind her with her foot.

Tommy and Mamie were never sent to the public schools here until their final years in High School. Father considered the building dangerous to health. (It was where the old South Side school is now.) He taught them himself up at the office between calls, and Mamie said later that there were times when you could hear him for a block. When interrupted by a call he would tell them to wait right there, if he expected to be back shortly, and then Tommy would amuse himself by tying Mamie up to the skeleton. She had good lungs.

Not going to school was undoubtedly the reason why Mamie has always been so painfully shy. In college she used to madden Tommy because he would get her dates and she wouldn't even say a word. She was known as "Bunay."

The children, of course, had pets. One pup made history by falling down a privy hole. Father put a piece of meat in a basket and lowered it down to the pup with a rope. He smelled it, and got in to get it, and father pulled him out.

Shep was the adored Scotch Collie. He loved to sleep close beside the radiator, and old Madam I, the cat, always came to sleep on top of his fur. Someone stole him, and a couple of months later he found his way back home. The state he was in showed that he had come for miles.

The family was very musical. Mother played the piano beautifully,

Tommy the flute, Mamie the violin, and father could choose between the cornet, and the bass viol. Tommy played the piano, too. I still remember the way he used to bang out the "Mapleleaf Rag". It nearly set mother crazy.

Father always wore a trimmed beard and mustached. (I love beards to this day.) Without saying a word about it, he had them all shaved off, and mother and I wept our hearts out over it, but he never grew them again.

I must have been four or five years old, thereabouts, when father got his first car, a Remington. It was the second automobile in Livingston County. The only things I remember about it was that it was red, and the door was entered at the rear with the seats on either side, and that it broke down once near Lodonia. He carried me pick-a-back across fields, mother following along holding up her skirts to keep them from dragging. We got to the station and came home on the train.

Driving those first cars was a civic responsibility, because, when a car came along, any horses on the road just raised Cain. The chauffeur had to get out and lead the frightened animals past the snorting, choking demons. No self respecting infernal machine ever sounded like that. You didn't stop the engine because it had to be cranked ^{and} that was hard work.

One Fair week he was chugging along when he met a carryall going home. The family had all been to the fair and every one of them was in that buggy. The chinks between them were filled with groceries. An old white horse was pulling the outfit, and he was plunking along with his nose almost on the ground. Father was just congratulating himself that this was once that he wouldn't have to lead the animal past, when the old skate happened to flick an eyelash and got a look at ^{what} was right in front of him. He snorted, reared, and set off down the road at a rate that must have astounded himself when he thought about it later, and spilling cargo at every jump.

Father leaped from the automobile and began pulling children out of the ditch. They were yelling like Comanches. Suddenly he espied a sack of sugar that had burst open in the grass, and he snatched up a handfull of it and slapped it into the mouth of the nearest child. The effect was magical, and enabled him to see if there were any broken bones; so he treated the rest of them the same way. He finally got them loaded up again, but afterwards he always looked at that old rack of bones with a good deal of respect.

There was plenty of excitement in the family while father was learning to drive. It was hard for him to learn that a car just didn't stop when he yelled, "Whoa," at it, not even as loud as he did when he took out the back end of the barn.

Another time he pulled the wrong lever and came sailing down among the trees to come to a stop, finally, beside mother who was sitting on the porch. When she asked him what in the world he was up to, he replied that he had just dropped around to see her.

Automobiles were never the casual things to him that they have become now. Always, when it began to rain, we had to come right home. It wasn't just the spots on the car that mattered, though. There were no hard roads, anywhere, and the gravel roads you could count on one hand. What a car could do on this slick black Illinois mud that made our roads was everything but stand on its head, and sometimes it even tried that.

Tommy was married when I was eight. It was a sudden affair, and no one at home knew the girl or a thing about it, and were ^{all} bitterly hurt. Their train came in the evening but Mamie refused to meet the bride and went to bed.

Grandmother died in June, 1910, grandfather the following year, in August, and in October Mamie was married and went to California. It amounted to a triple bereavement, and mother was worn out with work,

anxiety and grief. Father sold out his practice to Dr. Kuhn, and we began to travel.

That first winter we went to Florida and were there at Christmas. We were all desperately homesick and lonely the everybody tried to hide it. That Christmas ranks "bottoms" on my list. After New Years, we went on around thru the South and Southwest to California to visit Mamie at her new home.

Father was tutoring me, and, in the light of my personal later experiences, I know that I must have been completely exasperating. During a spelling lesson his voice began to rise, and I have never forgotten how mother, without one word, held out her hand for the book and how he meekly gave it to her. I suspect that he was only too glad to do so.

After that they confined our trips to the summer. It was father's ambition to visit every state in the Union, and we also did Canada by railroad. (It was all by railroad, from one end to the other)

Tommy was beginning to give them much anxiety. He had taken law because the family wished it, and grandfather, upon his graduation, had bought him a partnership in Peoria, and the firm became "King, Boggens and Lewis." His wife, Jeanette Schmoldt, proved to be a very lovely girl, and grandfather had been so pleased with her that he built them a beautiful home in Peoria. As a rich man's grandson, poor Tommy was the target for the schemes of every shyster in the country. He bought land in Canda, and he bought land in Mississippi, and soon his affairs were so involved that he faced ruin. Jeanette, and her mother, came over with him to discuss things with father and mother, and to ask that they mortgage their farms to help them out. Father often said afterwards that the hardest thing he ever did in his life was to say "no" that time, but he did, and mother backed him up.

In the early fall of that year Tommy and Jeanette were at Lake George

when he was taken ill and she managed to get him home. They made frequent trips over to see him, but, when it became apparent that the illness was likely to be a long one, ^{father} ~~he~~ brought him home. They put the stretcher in the baggage car, and father rode beside him.

They say that your understanding and sympathy for sorrow and suffering is in direct proportion to what you have suffered yourself. I cannot imagine what my darling father went through with at this time. Tommy's disease was obscure--a growth from the heart valves that broke off and obstructed the blood stream. To see his only son and beloved eldest child slowly and inevitably dying, and, with all his medical skill--the skill that had saved thousands of lives before--be powerless to do a thing, must have been anguish almost too great to bear. I was only fifteen, and they spared me all their suffering, for their love for me was greater than their own sorrow. Tommy died in March, 1915.

For two years father and Herbert Powell, whom he retained as an attorney, worked to straighten Tommy's affairs. I knew much more of such matters, because father and I used to have long talks, sitting together there in the bay window. Years later while reading Hertzler's "Horse and Buggy Doctor", I found myself constantly reminded of father and his attitude towards life, and repeatedly I turned back to look at Hertzler's portrait, wishing that I might have known my father as a man as well as a parent.

It must have been in the summer of 1916 that he had his sensational attack of appendicitis. There was no ambulance in town at the time, and they took him to the hospital in Cook's hearse. Tommy's death had brought on a heart condition that made it impossible to administer ether to operate. Dr. Langstaff got ice packs on him and sent to Chicago for a specialist. Mother got down to the hospital the next morning to find him in a state of insurrection. The bed had broken down during the night and had maddened him so that he refused to let them put him in another

bed to fix it. He had terrorized the entire nursing staff, nor could Dr. Langstaff do a thing with him until mother got there. When she came in the door the storm subsided just because she was there. They got him into another bed and comfortable once more; and then he decided that there wouldn't be any operation at all. (Doctors make the worst possible patients: they can never be fooled on their own symptoms. Moreover, they are accustomed to have their orders instantly obeyed, and, if their ideas run counter to those of the attending physician, the nurses find themselves between the devil and the deep blue sea.)

Father knew that if he went to the operating table that he would never leave it alive. He preferred to take his chances with his appendix rupturing. They packed him in ice bags, and he evidently won another battle, because the orders were that he was only to have a little ice to hold in his mouth to help his thirst, but I made quarts of iced lemonade and took over to him in the thermos bottle. He came home with that appendix, and it never bothered him again.

All his life father had to be terribly sick if he couldn't joke. When he stopped joking mother and I would get really worried. His was the Irish temperament, jolly and explosive, whereas mother was gentle, shy and quiet. She very seldom "put her foot down" but when she did the whole family immediately subsided.

He and Tomay both made no effort to conceal their dislike of certain people. Perhaps it was the luxury of it after the diplomacy required for a successful practice that made him so bad about it in later years. Also it was a standing family joke to listen to him splutter on his way to the telephone, and hear his voice change to "sweetness and light" when he took down the receiver.

He was a demon for order and punctuality. His pet saying was "a place for everything, and everything in its place," and Heaven help the

person who failed to return something to its allotted place. He would have gone stark, staring mad in my household where everything, in spite of all my efforts, is where the last user drops it. If he had an appointment, he was prompt to the minute, and he expected the same of the other fellow; but, if he was taking a train, he was always there at the station fifteen or twenty minutes before it came in. I don't think that he ever missed a train in his life. Tommy and I, on the other hand, were always perfectly satisfied if we caught it as it pulled out.

He became fanatical about promptness of meals. Breakfast was at seven o'clock, dinner at twelve, and supper at six--not five minutes before, nor five minutes after, but when the hands touched the hour. I have seen Clara, with everything on the table stand waiting for the clock to strike. At the first stroke she would go into the dining room and announce the meal. No matter what other housework was going on, meals were always on time. (Clara Zehr worked for father and mother about seventeen years, until mother died.)

Father was accustomed to the lavish Ohio farm meals; and mother was an elegant cook, and she carefully trained every maid to meet the high family requirements.

Father always wanted more cooked than just enough. Perhaps that stemmed from a visit he made to Crawford's house (his brother) as a rather large boy. He and his brother Hunter went up for a visit, but the supper their sister in law gave them was so skimpy that the boys climbed out of their bedroom window that night and went downtown for something more to eat. They went home the next day--they couldn't stand it.

If meals were a little below par, father would snort and say, "Hump! Feast one day and famine the next!"

Always, all his life, he had a dish of oatmeal and a plate of fried cornmeal mush for breakfast. This was varied in winter by buckwheat cakes, but he still had his oatmeal.

Father always took care of us when we were sick. He was far defter and gentler than any nurse. He was heavy, weighing 220 pounds to his five feet seven inches, but his tread was absolutely noiseless.

In 1919, the first year that visitors were permitted in Europe after the World War, we took a tour through Scotland, England, Belgium and France.

While I was in college he and mother wrote every other day alternately, and he always sent me jokes clipped from his American Medical Journal column.

Mother, as a staunch Methodist, did not believe in card playing and dancing, but father always believed that, taken rightly, they were part of the legitimate heritage of youth and pointed to the example of the little lambs of nature.

Father's love for his family was very strong. At the time that the Mausoleum was built, grandfather Beach had failed greatly and was completely bowed down by grief, or it never would have happened. Father and mother had lost the dear little boy before me, and when the mausoleum was built the north foundation wall covered the tiny grave. Nothing was ever said, of course, but father never got over it.

As the baby of the family, it would have been so easy for him to have kept me at home with them, but he had seen the lives of so many children wrecked by the selfishness of their parents that he was anxious to have me married and settled. He dearly loved and enjoyed his grandchildren Ella and Olive Mae, and spoke of it repeatedly that he had always been so busy that he had never had time to enjoy his own family. Mamie's children, of course, were too far away, and, anyway, he had never got over his hurt that she didn't name one of her five children after mother or him. (I had not known that until after Ella was named.)

He had a deep love of books and had a fine library, all marked with his own book plate, and was distressed that Tommy did not care for them and did not save his school books.

In going over a packet of old family letters, that had been sent to us by his nephew, Earl Loeber, I remarked that there were none written by his mother, and he said that there was so much misspelling in them that he had destroyed them. It did not seem to be from a sense of shame but from the desire to protect his mother's memory from the jeers of the misunderstanding.

His old age was lonely. He was educated far and away beyond the other people of this town, and it irritated him to have to talk their trivialities.

I best remember father sitting on the north side of the bay window in his big rocking chair, his feet on his wooden stool. Behind him was the big Webster's Dictionary on its stand--he consulted this frequently--and at his right was the magazine stand with its book trough. Like his father before him, he loved to read aloud, and especially enjoyed the Chicago Tribune editorials.

He had his first stroke the summer after I was married and was forbidden to drive the car any more, and so, David Philhour was engaged as chauffeur and to take care of the yard.

About 1929, he had the second stroke and became an invalid requiring a nurse. It was heartbreaking, because, being a Doctor, he knew his condition and knew what mother was undergoing. There were seven strokes in all. He died February 11, 1932.

I have always just loathed my name.
Myrtle Stafford, a friend of the family, gave me
my middle name, but my first one was for a
school friend of mother's. A darkey baby was
born soon after me, one of father's patients,
and was also named Alma. During my
school career, Alma Somerville was a heavy
cross that I had to bear.

Myself

My childhood was blighted by the fact that we had no baby in the family. Somehow the method of getting one never troubled me--they seemingly just arrived. Mother used to send me downtown on errands, and I would run all the way home to see if the baby had really come. The sickening disappointment each time was almost more than I could bear. The funny part about it was that I never told anyone about it until after Ella was born.

My wanting a baby so very much was because I loved them so dearly, and had nothing to do with my seething resentment of being "the baby" of the family. Friends would stop mother on the street and say, in surprised tones, "And is this your baby, Ella?" and there I would stand, ready to burst with fury.

So I took out my maternal instincts in caring for a large family of dolls. Manie and Tommy once had a houseparty from college, and every one of the guests brought me a doll, everyone of which was unclothed, and I was in a mental state until mother got their nakedness covered. Somehow I never cared particularly for any of these dolls. My own special family, which I loved devotedly, were Gertrude, Percy Earl, Dorothy, and Taddy Bear.

Manie brought the Teddy Bear from college, (she and Tommy were in college before I started to school,) and for years I never went to bed without him. Dorothy had real hair, and was the one I chose to be in the family portrait with me when I sat in my little rocking chair between grandma and grandpa Beach. Percy Earl, I received for being very good on a visit to Aunt Hattie^{Leaver}. Mother and Manie went to the city, and promised a doll if I was good. He had eyelashes and real hair that curled and I loved him so dearly that I named him for my two favorite cousins, Earl and Percy Leaver.